Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:
Firſt he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to night the beare had raſte his helme:
Beſides, he ſaies there are two councels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure:
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeede poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Go fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the ſeparated councels:
His honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my ſeruant Catesby:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tel him his feares are ſhallow, wanting inſtancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockery of vnquiet ſlumbers,
To flie the boare, before the beare purſues vs,
Were to incenſe the boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane no chaſe:
Go bid thy maiſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both togither to the tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the boare will vſe vs kindly.
Meſ. My gratious Lo: Ile tell him what you ſay. *Enter*
Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lo: (*Catesby.*
Haſt. Good morrow Catesby, you are early ſtirring,
What newes what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lo:
And I beleeue it will neuer ſtand vpright,
Till Richard weare the garland of the Realme.
Haſt. How? weare the garland? doeſt thou meane the (crowne?
Cat. I my good Lord.

Haſt.

Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of m
Ere I will ſee the crowne ſo foule
But canſt thou gueſſe that he do
Cat. Vpon my life my Lo: and
Vpon his party for the gaine the
And thereupon he ſends you thi
That this ſame very day, your en
The kindred of the Queene muſ
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourne
Becauſe they haue beneſtill mi
But that I ſegiue my voice on Ri
To barre my maiſters heires in t
God knowes I will not do it to t
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhi
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this
That they who brought me in m
I liue to looke vpon their traged
I tell thee Catesby. *Cat.* What
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet th
Cat. Tis a vile thing to die my
When men are vnprepard, and lo
Haſt. O Monſtrous, monſt rou
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray, an
With ſome men elſe, who thinke
As thou, and I, who as thou know
To Princely Richard, and to Bu
Cat. The Princes both make h
For they account his head vpon t
Haſt. I know they do, and I ha
Enter Lord S
What my L: where is your boare
Feare you the boare and go ſo v
Stan. My Lo: good morrow: g
You may ieſt on: but by the holy
I do not like theſe ſeuerall counce
Haſt. My Lo: I holde my life a
And neuer in my life I do proteſt

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.46)